

COL. THOMPSON IS HONORED.

Pickens Veterans Pass Timely Resolutions on Venerable Oconeean.

(Pickens Sentinel.)

The twelfth annual reunion of the Confederate veterans of Pickens county was held in Pickens last Wednesday, June 3, and was attended by more than 100 hoary-haired heroes, besides a crowd estimated at 1,500 to 2,000 people, all of whom seemed to enjoy the exercises of the day.

June 3 is the birthday of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States of America, and each year the loyal ladies composing the Pickens Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, arrange a reunion for the old soldiers on this date.

At 10 o'clock Capt. W. B. Allgood called the veterans together, and they formed in line and marched up Main street and into the court house, led by the Pickens band and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

A large crowd gathered in the court house for the exercises. Judge Mauldin presided, and after he called the meeting to order Rev. D. W. Hiett was called upon to offer the opening prayer. B. F. Martin, Esq., a native of Pickens county, but now a prominent lawyer of Greenville, was the orator of the day, and was then introduced by Mr. Mauldin. He paid a tribute to the leaders and soldiers and women of the Confederacy, and was glad that many of them had lived to this day to see the South again taking the leading part in the shaping of this country's affairs. Space will not permit a synopsis of his speech. It was practical, well-phrased and listened to with close attention.

After Mr. Martin's address R. T. Jaynes, Esq., of our sister county of Oconee, was introduced and made a brief and happy talk, which was well received.

Col. Robt. A. Thompson.

Judge Mauldin then read the following resolutions by the old soldiers and citizens of Pickens county, which were unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

"Whereas, the old soldiers and the citizens of Pickens county, in mass-meeting assembled, desire to place on record this expression of our esteem to that eminent and distinguished citizen and soldier of our sister county of Oconee, Col. Robert Anderson Thompson, one of the six delegates from Pickens District to the Secession Convention of South Carolina, and to-day the sole survivor of that historic convention; therefore, be it

"Resolved, first,—That we rejoice that his years have been graciously lengthened to this glad day, when the Old South has come again into its own and taken a commanding position in the sisterhood of States.

"Second,—That in both war and peace he hath wrought valiantly and well, and his comrades in arms from Old Pickens District would to-day extend to him in the quietude of his distant home our heartfelt greetings and wish for him and his the continued blessings of a long and well-spent life."

The meeting was thrown open to the veterans for talks and speeches, and several of them made appropriate talks.

The meeting adjourned about 1 o'clock for dinner, which was spread on a long table in the court house grove and was prepared and served by the ladies and enjoyed by all who partook of it.

The Pickens band furnished inspiring music during the day and acquitted themselves splendidly, though they erred greatly in not having on their musical program "Dixie," which is dear to every Southern heart, and which was played on probably every battlefield of the Civil war. "Dixie" should be played at every reunion of Confederate veterans.

It was a great day for the old soldiers and their admirers. To the Daughters of the Confederacy are due the thanks of every citizen of Pickens county for their great and untiring work in arranging these meetings and for doing many other things to honor the memory and history of the Confederacy and its people and traditions.

OPPOSE REQUEST OF TILLMAN.

Supreme Court of the State Will Decide the Case.

Columbia, June 10.—Mrs. Lucy Dugas, the divorced wife of B. R. Tillman, Jr., appeared before the South Carolina Supreme Court this afternoon and opposed the petition of United States Senator and Mrs. B. R. Tillman, that they be allowed the custody of her two little daughters, Doushikka Pickens Tillman and Sarah Starke Tillman, during the months of July and August, while young Ben Tillman is absent from the State. The mother said that Senator and Mrs. Tillman had no right whatever with the little girls.

No decision was announced by the Court, which said they would take the petition under advisement.

Henry C. Tillman, of Greenwood, a son of Senator Tillman and brother of young Ben Tillman, the father of the children, appeared and made the request that the Senator and Mrs. Tillman be allowed to have the children for July and August, as young Ben Tillman would be absent from the State then, having accepted a position as secretary of a board of engineers which would lay out the route for the government railroad in Alaska. Under the decision of the Court over a year ago the children were to be with their father during the summer months. The Senator and his wife asked to be allowed to have the children, and Henry C. Tillman said they were getting old and loved the children, and they made the request out of justice and humanity. "My request is more to your human side than to the strict law," said Mr. Tillman.

Counsel for the young mother, in opposing the request, said the father gave up his right when he left the State. She wanted to make a point in the allegation that she alone had contributed to the support of the children since the separation with her husband four years ago, and she said he ought to be made to contribute to their support by the Court. The question of support the Court ruled out and held the parties down to the one question whether the Senator and Mrs. Tillman should be allowed to have the children during July and August. Mrs. Dugas' attorney would not even admit the jurisdiction of the Court, but reserved the right to raise this as an objection.

Mrs. Dugas, dressed entirely in white, followed the proceedings with closest attention. She was accompanied to the court room by her cousin, Dr. F. P. W. Butler, and her attorneys, Graydon and DePass. The two little girls were not in Court.

Senator Tillman Wins.

Columbia, June 11.—The Supreme Court this morning awarded the custody of the two little Tillman girls to Senator and Mrs. Tillman during the months of July and August. Mrs. Lucy Dugas, the mother of the two children and the divorced wife of B. R. Tillman, Jr., unsuccessfully resisted the petition of Senator and Mrs. Tillman to have their grandchildren while their son was absent from the State.

Comfort to Stout People.

Foley Cathartic Tablets are a specially good little regulator that keeps your system in perfect working order. No biliousness, no constipation, no distress after eating, no greasy, gassy taste. A stout person who uses them constantly will really feel thinned out and more comfortable as a result of their use. Bell's Drug Store.—Adv.

Honolulu Collector Asked to Resign.

Honolulu, June 10.—E. R. Stakable, collector of the port, to-day received from Wm. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, a cablegram requesting his immediate resignation. Stakable said he would not comply, insisting he would not give up his office unless he was dismissed.

Stakable had been port collector of Honolulu since Hawaii became a part of the United States. He is a Republican. He was asked to resign about a month ago.

HOW WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio.—"My left side pained me so for several years that I expected to have to undergo an operation, but the first bottle I took of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved me of the pains in my side and I continued its use until I became regular and free from pains. I had asked several doctors if there was anything I could take to help me and they said there was nothing that they knew of. I am thankful for such a good medicine and will always give it the highest praise."

—Mrs. C. H. GRIFFITH, 7305 Madison Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Hanover, Pa.—"I suffered from female trouble and the pains were so bad at times that I could not sit down. The doctor advised a severe operation but my husband got me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I experienced great relief in a short time. Now I feel like a new person and can do a hard day's work and not mind it. What joy and happiness it is to be well once more. I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Compound."

—Mrs. ADA WILT, 196 Stock St., Hanover, Pa.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

THE MYSTERY OF KALALANTA.

A Story With Local Color—Written by Stiles Stribling, of Richland, Student at Clemson College, Who Received Medal for Best Short Story for College Magazine.

(From the Clemson Chronicle.)



DURING the past summer it was my pleasure to spend about two weeks in the picturesque mountains at and around Highlands, North Carolina. The father of one of my boyhood and college chums rented a small cottage in Horse Cove, two miles below Highlands, and, with his family and several relatives and friends, I among the number, spent the summer there. In the crowd there were four other boys, all about my age.

Soon after we reached the cottage we became acquainted with two typical mountain boys, John and Jack Smith. They were twins, and had been living in this Cove ever since the time of their birth, about eighteen years before. They were well acquainted with all the mountains, streams, trails, etc., in that part of the mountains, and were also well informed as to all the ghost stories, mysteries, legends of the different hollows and mountains. One of their tales was to the effect that a noted mountain climber had climbed about 150 feet down an almost perpendicular cliff of solid stone, and had carved his name on the side of the cliff. Our story is not intended to discuss this feat. However, we want to mention the fact that in the place described in this tale there is what appears to be a name carved on the rock in the side of the mountain.

On the second night after our arrival, in telling us of the many interesting places we should visit, the boys mentioned Kalalanta as being the highest dwelling house this side of the Rocky Mountains, and as a point from which the most beautiful view in North Carolina could be obtained. Seeing that we were interested in the place, they went on to tell us a tale of mystery which had gained a good deal of credence in the last few years. According to the story, Kalalanta was the property of a rich widow who lived in one of our great Northern cities. For several years she was accustomed to spending the summer here. On these visits she was accompanied by her son, who was about ten years old, and her daughter, who was two years his senior. There was no mystery connected with the place at the time of these visits.

One winter while they were at their Northern home, the daughter contracted a dreadful disease. The widow carried her to the great doctors and surgeons of the world, but they were all puzzled, and none of them could relieve her. The disease caused the girl to have violent spells in which she was endowed with almost superhuman strength. She would lose her mind in the fits, and at times would not even recognize her mother. Everybody soon began to fear her. Her mother was frantic, and did not know what to do. One day she thought of this beautiful mountain home and decided to brave the winter weather and carry her children to this home. She reached the home in safety, but soon was stricken with the dreaded pneumonia, and after a short illness she died, leaving her daughter to the care of her young son, who was only twelve years of age.

This death seemed to make the daughter worse. Her fits began to seize her oftener. The mountaineers, who as a rule are very superstitious, soon began to believe that she was possessed of an evil spirit, such as those spoken of in the time of Christ. This belief was greatly strengthened when one night the little boy disappeared, and was never heard of again. Some thought the evil spirit in the girl had seized him and hurled him into the region of darkness. They began to shun the girl, and soon they would not go near her home at all. Soon her supply of food began to give out. She became hungry, and was almost starved. Still none of the hard-headed mountaineers would help her. At night she could be heard to scream and cry in a most fearful manner. It was terrible to hear. One night she began screaming, but suddenly stopped. She was not heard again that night, nor for several nights following. Finally, two or three of the bravest mountaineers mustered up courage enough to visit the house and see if she was still there. They entered the house and searched it thoroughly, but found nothing of her. They spread the news, and soon parties were organized and the country for miles around was thoroughly searched, but

no traces of her were found. So the common belief was that the evil spirit had carried her—soul, body and all—to the region below. The mountaineers began to have a fear and dread of the place, and it was not long before the only visitors to the place were those who went in the daytime to see the beautiful scenery. Some months after the death of the girl, the voice was again heard at the house. It sounded weaker and shakier, but the people near were ready to swear that it was the same voice. The boys went on to say that not many months before the time of our arrival at the Cove, a young man had become lost in the part of the mountains near Kalalanta, and had stopped in the house out of the rain. Soon he heard that dreadful voice, and could hear something moving slowly towards him in the dark. A broad flash of lightning lighted up the house, and all that he could see was two bright, flashing balls of fire moving slowly towards him. He fled out in the night, but the object seemed to follow him. He ran to his home, (the way seemed to come back to him after the scare,) but could not rest, for that dreadful cry was still ringing in his ears. "Since this incident," the boys said, "the awe of the place has increased."

Of course my companions and I were filled with curiosity, and instantly decided to visit the place on the next day. We were not at all superstitious about the place, and laughed at the idea of its being the abode of spirits. The night following this story, I could not sleep. My companions slept soundly, but all through that long, tiresome night I imagined that I could hear the cry of the girl, and I determined that night that before I left the mountains that summer I would solve this mystery.

The morning of the next day was cloudy and foggy; so we did not leave on our trip to Kalalanta until the early afternoon. By that time the fog had risen and the clouds had been blown away, and we concluded that we could get a pretty good view from the mountain. In order to reach our destination it was necessary to climb the mountain almost to Highlands, and then go around the ridge by a circuitous route to the house; so it was late in the afternoon, almost sun-down in fact, before we got there. The house looked very much the same as any of the many other summer homes of the community. Upon closer examination we could tell by the architecture that the house had been planned and constructed by a master hand. The main part of the house appeared to have six rooms; the kitchen and dining room were under a separate roof and were joined to the main part by a covered passageway. The yard showed that it had at one time been a well ordered flower garden, but it was now almost entirely overgrown with weeds and briars. I noticed that a well-worn path led up to one of the doors, and I wondered at the time what it could mean, as I understood that the house was uninhabited.

From the front yard of this house I beheld what I consider the most beautiful scene that I ever fell my lot to behold. I don't believe my youthful mountaineer informers were exaggerating in the least when they said that it was the grandest view in the mountains of North Carolina. Below me, stretched for several miles straight in front of me, was the beautiful valley known as Horse Cove. It was a level piece of country and was covered with the rich, green mountain grass characteristic of that part of the country. A small river flows through the center of the valley and many smaller streams empty into it. In the fading sunlight these streams resembled the prettiest mother-of-pearl and gave the valley the appearance of having a pearl setting. On my right rose a large mountain, known as Black Rock on account of the large, bulging rock which covered almost one side of it. A small stream of water was flowing over this rock, and the rays of the setting sun passing through the water caused most of the colors of the rainbow to appear before my eyes. Extending from the further side of this mountain almost entirely around the valley was a ridge of lower peaks. This furnished an excellent background for the picture. On my left was another large mountain, which stretched away to my left, gradually converg-

ing toward and finally meeting the ridge which formed the background of our picture, thus entirely enclosing the picturesque little valley.

My companions and I gazed at this scene for some time before we realized that night was rapidly approaching. My companions began making preparations to leave, but I decided to take the first step in my determination to clear up the mystery attached to this place by remaining in or near the house during the night. My companions gave me all of the lunch which they had not eaten, and left me. I told them to take my horse and tie him at a certain place about a mile down the road, where I could find him in case of an emergency. I then sat down on the front door-step and began my long watch. At first every muscle and nerve of my body was strained listening for some sound. However, I soon became tired and sleepy and almost went to sleep. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by the most hideous cries that I have ever heard. I was awake instantly and jumped to my feet, amazed. But soon I remembered all, and determined to find the source from which the cry came. I started toward the back of the house, but again that shrill, heart-rending cry broke into the stillness of the night. I was so frightened that my heart almost stood still, my knees shook, my hands fell limp at my sides. Never before nor since have I heard such a mournful and yet fearful cry. I soon regained some of my strength and realized that something was coming towards me. I had just enough sense left to remind me to run. I was not armed, and did not have a light of any description. I believe I broke all known records for the mile in running from the house to my horse that night. I could hear, or thought I could hear, something coming on softly through the leaves after me, and once, looking back, I thought I could see in the moonlight two bright, shiny objects moving after me. I thought of the descriptions I had read of the bright eyes of the Prince of Darkness, and I thought it might be he after me. So I quickened my pace to its fullest extent. By luck I succeeded in reaching my horse, and as he seemed fired by the same fear and restlessness that I was, we flew on down the mountain at a dangerous speed. We reached the cottage in safety, however, and I was soon on my pallet, hoping to ease my mind in slumber. But such was not my luck. I rolled and tumbled that night and could not sleep. Almost every minute I imagined I could hear that hideous and yet pitiful cry, like some one in distress. My thoughts were too many to mention on that long, tiresome night. I thought of how all my life I had been trained by my parents and teachers not to believe in superstitious tales. I had been taught from infancy to know that there were no such things as spirits on this earth. And yet, as I lay awake on that hard pallet that night I began to believe that I had found an inhuman being, and that, after all, this early teaching and training was wrong, and that there really were "spirits" and ghosts living on this earth. I had only one consolation, and that was the fact that I would have another chance the next night to test the truth. With this consolation in mind I went to sleep some time in the early morning, and got a few hours of pleasant sleep. I rose the next morning more determined than ever to solve the mystery. All morning I was nervous and restless.

About the middle of the afternoon I began making preparations to visit Kalalanta again that night. I tried to persuade some of my companions to go with me, but they all flatly refused. I borrowed a pocket flashlight from one of them, and taking my revolver and a large, sharp meat knife, I saddled up my horse and started to the scene of my recent adventure, thinking that with the outfit in my possession I would be able to stand against man or devil. I fastened my horse at the same place as on the previous night, and walked on to the house, arriving there just about dark. I took my seat on the door-step as before. I managed, however, to keep awake this time. I had waited probably two hours when, as on the preceding night, I heard that fearful cry. It did not scare me so much this time, as I knew what to expect. I decided that it came from one of the back rooms of the house. I went round to the back and started into one of the rooms, when I heard something move. I jumped back quickly, but approached again, this time holding the flashlight in front of me. I saw the same two bright lights that seemed to follow me in my flight the night before. I was closer this time, and soon the idea came to me that they were the eyes of some wild beast. I jerked out my revolver and aimed at the portion between these two lights and fired. Instantly there was a sharp cry of pain, and then I was sure that my enemy was

CLARK CONVICTED OF MURDER.

Florence Man Given Life Sentence for Killing Wife.

Florence, June 9.—Accepting a verdict of guilty of murder with recommendation to mercy, Howard Clark, of this county, to-day was sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of his wife, Anita Parrott Clark, at their plantation near this city last spring.

The case came to trial at the Court of General Sessions here to-day. At the close of the testimony of the State the attorneys for the defense offered to accept a verdict of guilty, with recommendation to mercy, without putting in any evidence. The attorneys for the State agreed to this and recommended to the jury that they render their verdict accordingly. Judge S. W. G. Shipp then submitted the case to the jury, who retired and after 10 or 15 minutes' deliberation returned a verdict of guilty, with recommendation to mercy.

Judge Shipp sentenced the man to life imprisonment in the State penitentiary. Clark received the sentence in his usual calm manner. The least emotion did he show, even though Judge Shipp spoke of the regret he felt in having to perform this duty, on account of friendship for the young man's father, the late Fred Clark, at one time Representative in the House from Florence county.

It was thought the plea of the defense would be insanity, but this was abandoned after a number of experts had been called here to examine the accused, among them being Dr. Babcock, of Columbia.

It is understood that the agreement as to the verdict was conditioned upon a further agreement that there would be no attempt made to secure a pardon. The indictment charged murder and alleged a premeditated killing by means of a pistol shot and by strychnine poisoning. The testimony produced was sensational and revolting.

The court room was crowded to its utmost capacity throughout the morning.

Don't Lose Sleep Coughing at Night.

Take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It glides down your throat and spreads a healing, soothing coating over the inflamed, tickling surface. That's immediate relief. It loosens up the tightness in your chest, stops stuffy, wheezy breathing, eases distressing, racking, tearing coughs. Children love it. Refuse any substitutes. Contains no opiates. Bell's Drug Store.—Adv.

human. The animal jumped at me, but I stepped back and avoided his blow. In my quick jump I lost my light, and there I was, face to face with the beast in the dark. I shot again at the spot where I thought the animal was, and again I heard a cry of pain. I was becoming accustomed to the darkness by this time, and I could make out the form of the animal as he made ready to spring at me again. I raised my revolver and shot again, but he had already sprung, so I missed him. His blow was well directed this time, and I was knocked down and my pistol was knocked from my hand. I then thought of the knife. I jerked it loose from my belt, where it had been fastened, and as the beast made another spring at me, I aimed the knife at his breast, and succeeded in piercing him to the heart. The blow knocked me down again, but this time the beast fell on top of me, a lifeless body. I was not long in freeing myself from his body and finding my light. I flashed the light on the lifeless body, and to my surprise, before me lay the body of a lean mountain panther.

The mystery of Kalalanta had been solved. Instantly I knew what had become of the little boy, why the maiden had disappeared so suddenly, what it was that had scared the young; I also knew that the balls of fire I had seen were the eyes of the panther shining in the light. I knew that the hideous cry was the cry of the lonesome panther wailing for his mate. I was sure that he was the only panther in that part of the mountain. I searched the rooms and found what appeared to be the skeleton of another panther, so I concluded that either the boy or the girl had killed the mate before they were finally devoured, and that this last panther, faithful to his mate, had gone to the house every night and sent forth that hideous, yet pitiful wail. So the entire mystery of Kalalanta had been solved. I returned to the cottage that night and slept soundly till morning. When I awoke the next morning I found that in some way the news had got started, and later in the day when I went to Kalalanta, I found that a crowd had gathered there—among the rest a near relative of the widow, who said that the house would soon be remodelled, as he intended spending the next summer there. He invited me to be the guest-of-honor at a spend-the-summer party in celebration of the solving of the mystery of Kalalanta.